

The Chronicle History

Enter Nim, Pistoll, Bardolfe, Hostess, and a boy.

Host. I prethee sweet heart,
Let me bring thee so farre as *Stanes*.

Pist. No fur, no fur.

Bar. Well, sir *Iohn* is gone, God be with him.

Host. I, he is in *Arthors* bosome, if euer any were,
He went away as if it were a cryfombd childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Iust at turning of the tide;
His nose was as sharpe as a pen;
For when I saw him fumble with the sheets,
And talke of flowers, and smile vpon his fingers ends,
I knew there was no way but one.

How now sir *Iohn*, quoth I?
And he cryed three times, God, God, God,
Now I to comfort him, bad him not thinke of God,
I hope there was no such need.

Then he bad me put more cloathes on his feete,
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone,
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone.
And so vpward, & vpward, and all was as cold as stone.

Nim. They say he cride out on Sacke.

Host. I that he did.

Boy. And of women.

Host. No that he did not.

Boy. Yes that he did, & sed they were diuels incarnate.

Host. Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.

Nim. Well, he did cry out on women.

Host. Indeed he did in some sort handle women
But then he was rumaticke,
And talkt of the whore of Babilon.

Boy. Hostess, do you remember he saw a Flea stand
Vpon *Bardolfes* nose, and sed it was a blacke soule
Burning in hell?

Bard.

of Henry

Bar. Well, God be with
That was all the wealth I go

Nim. Shall we shog off?
The king will be gone from

Pist. Cleare vp thy cristall
Looke to my chattels and m

Trust none; the word is pite
Mens words are wafer cake

And hold fast is the onely do
Therefore cophetua be thy o

Touch her soft lips and part.
Bar. Farewell hostesse.

Nim. I cannot kis, and the
But adieu.

Pist. Keepe fast thy bugg

Enter King of France
and

King. Now you Lords of
Of *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
You see the King of Englan
For he is footed on this Lan

Dolphin. My gracious Lo
Tis meete we all go foorth,

And arme vs against the foe.
And view the weake and sic

But let vs do it with no shew
No with no more, then if we

England were troubled with
For my good Lord, she is so

Her scepter so fantasticaly b
So guided by a shallow hum

That feare attends her not.
Con. O peace Prince *Dolph*